NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 37 — VOL. XX. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1808. NO. 1027.

THE PORTRAIT;

OR,

INCIDENTS IN MY OWN LIFE.

INDEED, my friend, you are too partial;—but if the trifling events of my life will afford you any amusement, I will with pleasure relate them: but if, in disclosing the secrets of families with which I have been acquainted, I withhold their real names, you will, I am sure, pardon me; and if some incidents in my juvenile character appear harsh and unnatural, you will have the goodness to recollect that, as I am to proceed by the line of truth, a deviation therefrom, even to make myself appear in a better light, would be an error even you would not pardon.

My father, (for I need not trace back my ancestors, nor rake among their ashes for circumstances I have nothing to do with) was a true country gentleman; or, in other words, he loved his horses, his dogs, and his bottle, and, if allowed to pursue his pleasures in his own way, was a very good man. My mother cared not how much my father was in the stable or kennel, so she could command money for dress. I, of course, was early initiated into the mysteries of the toilette, and taught that the ultimatum of my life was to gain admiration. My father was endeavouring to convince me of the same, though to be obtained in a different way; he often called me early in the morning, and made me ride three or four miles before breakfast; my mother used to chide and tell me, that if it made me more healthy, it was sure to make me more vulgar.

In striving to please both I avoided displeasing either, by which means I was greatly the gainer; as my mother would often make me presents to set off my person, while my father supplied my purse, having what is called a snug estate of seven thousand a year.

We always had a number of gentlemen to dine with us in the hunting season, among whom I was the Diana and the Hebe of them all. Thus early accustomed to the society of men not of the most refined sentiments, I imbibed their manners, for which I was severely chid by my mother, whilst my father gloried to see me assume and imitate their language: thus I continued, I may say, my own mistress, till being on a visit at my aunt's, I there met with a different set of beings. Here the master was nothing, and the mistress every thing. My aunt had the management of every thing in the family; my uncle, poor soul! could barely say yes or no, for no more durst he say without a significant nod from his lady.

The first morning I was there, I arose, as was my custom at home, to look for the dogs; when not being able to find them, I thought the most certain method would be to give them an halloo, which I did in a true huntsman's style. No reply from animals of that species was however made, but presently all the windows in the house were open to see what had occasioned this uncommon disturbance. Uncle and his man Thomas had both guns in their hands: I began to think I had committed some error, but willing to carry on the farce, I hid myself behind a stack of hay, and slid into the house unobserved. At breakfast it became a general topic; and my uncle, though something uncommon in him, as I soon found, asked what the noise could be?—"Noise, you fool!" said my aunt, "why the pigs grunting, to be sure."

Poor uncle shrugged up his shoulders; but wishing, I suppose, not to appear what his wife had so politely styled him, replied, "if I had seen any thing, I would have fired."

"What!" said my aunt, "Johnny, you would have fired at something then!" and burst into a loud laugh.

Poor uncle was sadly abashed at this, but he had assumed a wonderful deal of courage this morning; he replied, "My dear, I wish you would not be so rude."

As he said this he let fall his bread and butter, which stooping to pick up, knocked over my aunt's tea urn, on a fine muslin apron clean on that morning. Oh poor uncle! She began raving and storming—He was the worst husband in the world! Oh, if he had some women to deal with!—I, for my part, thought he need not wish for one possessed of more verbosity. He swallowed his tea, and made a hasty retreat.

After he had left the room, my aunt informed me she was sorry my uncle could not behave better before me, but I must mind who I married—all men were brutes, they did not care for their wives now-a-days.

I replied, I was sorry my uncle was so cross, but it was the duty of women to submit, she ought not to contradict him.

"No, indeed!" said she, "if I did, he would rave and swear like a madman."

While my aunt and I were settling the important duties between man and wife, there entered a most beautiful girl, about eighteen years of age who, my aunt informed me, was my uncle's niece, the daughter of an officer who was abroad, but was soon expected home. Some domestic affairs calling my aunt, she promised me more information concerning Miss Wellers another time.

After dinner, my aunt and uncle, accompanied by Miss Betty, and Letty and Susan, myself and Miss Wellers their niece, went out for a walk. My uncle, as usual, always kept silence, till referred to by my aunt; and which reference happened on this occasion to be very ludicrous.

Miss Betty and Letty, being both of an age, were walking together; while I and Miss Wellers, whose spirits were equal to my own, were rambling at our pleasure. Chance, or rather the little god Momus, knowing us to be of his train, threw in our way a letter, sealed with all the fiery darts of Cupid. Locks and bolts would never have kept us from the contents, much less a small piece of wax. We carefully opened it, and ran behind a hedge to read it, which, being a love subject, must, for the present, be sacred. Suffice it to say that it ought to have been Miss Betty's. While we were enjoying ourselves over this delectable morceau, Betty came running towards us with such haste, that not observing a ditch, which we had cleared, fell into it; and though we could not forbear laughing we did our best towards extricating her. The ditch, being composed of only a little soft mud, did not hurt her; but so delicate a figure did she cut, that she might have been a subject for Hogarth. She had on that day a fine new straw hat with pink ribbons, which in the fall were died almost black. One side of her face was covered with mud, and one of her eyes closed up with it. Her fine white muslin dress was so elegantly ornamented, that upon presenting her to her mother, she cried out:—"What have you got there, children? Do, my dear," said she to my uncle, "drive the brute away!" At this Betty gave a scream, which terrified poor aunt into a fit; and uncle was obliged to carry her home, while we supported Miss Betty. After all had recovered their misfortunes, and found how things were, we had a very merry meeting. Miss Wellers and I still kept this secret belief, determined to answer it, and have some fun at Miss Betty's expence.

But I must now retire from my aunt's, to obey a summons from my father to attend him; therefore, leaving them, I proceeded home, where I found a party as usual, but not the old one. A new set of beings had by some means drawn my father from his old sport of fox-hunting, as my mother informed me it was forbidden him by these new gentry, one of whom I found to be a doctor, the first I had ever known in our family; the others were Sir Charles Martindale, and captain D'Alville.

Sir Charles was an agreeable kind of a man, who paid me a good deal of attention; but as I had imbibed more of my father's manners than my mother's, they were surprised to see me mount a horse, and fly over five-bar gates as though nothing was in my way.

I had been informed that Sir Charles had a very fine picture-gallery, among which was a lady whose beauty had so attracted his attention, that he had sworn to find the original, or one as near a copy as possible. Wishing much to get a sight of this enchanting fair one, I thought if I could ride to Sir Charles's house in his absence, I might view the gallery. But I was saved this trouble—Sir Charles was one day talking about women; he said he had a miniature of one which he had sworn to find. I requested a sight of it. Soon as I saw it, I was conscious that Miss Wellers was very much like it, and, not being willing to throw her in his way, I endeavoured to entertain him as much as possible; and by altering the masculine behaviour I had assumed, heard him declare, that had not his vow been sacred, he might have thought on me. After Sir Charles and his friend had left us, my father gave me the following account of them.

Sir Charles Martindale descended from a line of ancestors whose highest pride was not in producing the long roll of their pedigree, but in tracing the many virtues that had long belonged to their family. *(To be continued.)*

VARIETY.

A young preacher in France, who had a graceful countenance, a very harmonious voice, fine action, and every other requisite necessary to charm his hearers, and attract their attention, being got into the pulpit, his memory at once failed him that he could not recollect a single sentence of his intended sermon. To come down from the pulpit would have been too disgraceful; and to stay there and say nothing, would be equally as bad. He therefore resolved to put a good face on the matter and employ both his voice and action, without pronouncing any but imperfect and inarticulate sounds; such as, for finally—but—if—that—therefore—my brethren, and such unconnected sentences, and with all made a terrible thumping on the cushion. No preacher ever seemed more animated with fire. He bawled as loud as possible, vented exclamations, and beat with his feet and hands. All things trembled under him, and the roof of the church, which was very lofty and spacious, echoed loudly to his voice. The whole congregation observed a profound silence, every one thrust forward his head, and gave all possible attention, in order to hear what it was impossible to understand. Those who stood by the pulpit said, 'We are too near; there is no possibility of hearing.' Such as were at a distance complained, that they, being too far from the pulpit, lost the finest doctrine in the world.

To conclude, our preacher amused his audience during three quarters of an hour, and left off with the applause of the whole congregation, who resolved to place themselves to more advantage the next time, and not lose the fruits of so admirable a sermon.

A countryman in England, lately detected shooting partridges, excused himself to the squire, a violent *church* and *king* man, by saying he was learning to shoot at the French, should they attempt to land. But why, said the squire, do you shoot at my game—why do you not stick a mark on a tree and shoot at that? That would not answer the purpose, replied the countryman: you have always told me the French will *run away*, and therefore I must learn to shoot them *flying*.

A physician was asked, whether his patient's fever had gone off? I believe so, answered the doctor, and the man is gone with it.

DRYDEN AND TONSON.

When Dryden had finished his translation of Virgil, after some deliberation with himself, he sent the M.S. to Jacob Tonson, requiring for it a certain sum, which he mentioned in a note. Tonson was desirous of possessing the work, but meanly wished to avail himself of Dryden's necessities, which, at that time, were particularly urgent. He, therefore, informed Dryden, that he could not afford to give so much for it as he demanded. In answer to this, Dryden sent the three following lines to Tonson, whom they were meant to describe:

With leering look, bull-faced, freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas coloured hair,
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.

When they were delivered to Tonson, he asked if Mr. Dryden had said any thing more. Yes, Sir, answered the bearer, he said, 'Tell the dog, that he who wrote these lines will write more like them.' Tonson immediately paid the money which Dryden had at first demanded for his Virgil.

There are three kinds of return for injuries; abject submission, severe retaliation, and contemptuous disregard. The first is always the worst, and the last generally the best: yet, however different they may be in themselves, the dignity of the last is so much superior to common conceptions, that you may perhaps be forced upon the second, purely to prove that you did not stoop to the first.

THE STORM;

OR,

THE FORCE OF FANCY.

How many hearts this stormy night,
Beat high for those, who far away,
O'er mountain waves, through surges white,
And threatening billows urge their way?

How many wives and mothers dear,
While yon pale lightnings rend the air,
With feverish cheek absorb a tear,
And put to Heaven a fervent prayer?

Now, by the fire, the seaman's love,
Listen to the wind's tempestuous roar;
While the hoarse thunder grating from above,
Strikes her sad soul with terror o'er.

How like the raging storm without,
To that which doth her soul invest,
Where love, and fear, and hope, and doubt,
Alternate reign, and banish rest.

Now fancy paints a shapeless wreck,
Tost on the unrelenting wave;
The billows rude wash o'er the deck,
And threaten each a watery grave.

The vessel sinks;—she sees her love
High on the mountain billows rise!
But vain his utmost efforts prove;
Vain are his struggles, vain his cries.

Now low he sinks beneath the wave!
She hears the seas triumphant roar;
Delusive fancy paints his grave—
Her love is sunk to rise no more!

She shrieks with horror from the scene
Her sad bewildered fancy drew;
Heaves a deep sigh, in anguish keen,
And tears her lovely cheeks bedew.

But see, the sky no more o'ercast,
No thunders roll, nor lightnings fly;
No more the rude tempestuous blast
Howls o'er the seas, nor tears the sky.

Now more serene her troubled breast,
For kinder fancy paints new scenes;
Her dimpled cheeks in smiles are drest,
For every prospect brighter seems.

She sweetly paints her love returned,
True to his vows, with heart sincere;
And golden store, with pleasure earned,
To share with her his only dear.

STANZAS,

Sent by a young man to his Sister, with a pair of Furnished Knife Cases.

Where oft I ply a *knife* and *fork*,
And draw as oft the willing cork,
Some recompense is due;
Let me a cheerful muse invoke,
To temper with a *cutting* joke,
I wish to have with you.

My hostess must accept two cases
Of knives and forks, snug in their places,
Attended by a carver—
She'll use the sharp and well-wrought *steel*,
On beef, on mutton, and on veal,
'Twould be a sin to starve her.

Nay, I'll assist to wear them out;
I'll slice the goose and turkey-pout,
When thus the table's laid—
And when the donor hence has fled,
With truth perhaps it may be said,
'He was a merry *blade*'

W. M.

HUMOROUS ANECDOTE.

We copy the following humorous anecdote fr[om] Kyley's Itinerant, or the Memoirs of [a] Actor, and in justice to the author, we can[not] but say we were much amused by the first [and] second volumes, which are just come out. [We] also give it as a caution to youth, to make the[m] suppress those passions, which when criminal[ly] indulged, always lead to mortification if not ru[in].

Liverpool Courant.

"Amongst my acquaintance, there was o[ne] whom I unfortunately selected as my bosom frien[d] merely because his inclination for the stage was [e]qually strong with my own: though at the sam[e] time he had other predominant evil propensiti[es] which I was fortunate enough to discover, ere I had fallen a sacrifice to them. One night we we[re] both pennyless, yet see the play we must; wh[at] was to be done? 'I have it,' said Tom, 'keep [an] eye to the door and the first time the stage keep[er] comes out, we can slip behind the scene. I'll hi[de] in one of the lumber chests, and you shall cre[ep] into *Magog*.'

Magog was a large figure, made to represent th[e] giant of that name; he had been used in a pant[o]mime at the beginning of the season, but now stoo[d] behind the scenes: the body was large enough t[o] contain a moderate sized man; the limbs were constructed that by pulling a rope, the whole figure would drop to pieces. This hollow piece of machinism had served Tom for a hiding place before, as we had planned, so it succeeded—I found myself safely lodged in the carcase of *Magog* with the pleasing certainty of seeing the play, by creeping out the first opportunity, and presenting myself as just come from the front of the house. I was scarcely fixed in my new habitation, when the stage keeper returned, accompanied by the managers, who gave orders to prepare every thing for the representation of the pantomime, which was to be exhibited in lieu of the farce advertised, owing to the indisposition of a favourite performer. Alarmed to agitation, I determined to facilitate my escape the moment their backs were turned; but unfortunately the first preparation was begun on the giant; the ropes were properly fixed, the head fitted to the body, and the monster drawn from the wall, to be in greater readiness for his appearance.

'He's confounded heavy,' says the carpenter. 'I wish he was lighter,' thought I. All my hopes of escape vanished; to creep out in his present tottering situation was in possible, without throwing down the whole apparatus. This I durst not risk; but made a solemn resolution if I escaped discovery this time, never to be guilty of the like again.

Three hours passed, the most painful I had ever known. The scene drew up, Magog was discovered, the different characters skipping about with the greatest alacrity, till one entered dressed as a landlord with a large bowl of punch, which after some time was poured down Magog's throat, and bedewed me in a plentiful manner. Almost suffocated with heat, the cold contents of the bowl were tolerably pleasant for the moment; but the consequence was a violent cold and fever, which confined me for nearly a month afterwards. At length Harlequin gave the necessary signal, the figure dropped to pieces, and discovered its contents, to the surprise and astonishment of every body; covered with cobwebs and dirt, wet to the skin, pale and trembling with fear—the house roared with laughter. Not long did I continue their spectacle, but took to my heels, overturning every thing that stood in my way, and rued the time I first thought of getting into Magog.

As it was more than probable the affair would get wind, I determined to relate the whole without disguise. My father said 'I was rightly served;' he hoped it would teach me to be above such mean dirty tricks in future. My mother's mind was greatly hurt at my exposure, and her generous heart grieved, that I should be reduced to such shifts for money. 'My dear son,' said the best of mothers, while the tear of affection stole down her cheek, 'I am filled with shame and sorrow; the principles of honour and honesty which your father and I have laboured to inculcate are I fear dying away, and in their place profligacy has taken root. How am I to account for this? What company do you keep? Be cautious in that particular—'tis the rock on which many a hopeful bark has split. You are now arrived at years of discretion, and we can

more than advise, but remember your future ness or misery depend upon the choice of your panions: ever be above a mean action—deny self trifling gratifications, rather than submit ceive them at the price of your integrity—be ful of my advice, make a proper use of my in- gence, and your purse shall be supplied as far straitened circumstances will allow.' With admonition I received a guinea. Such gener- conduct had more effect than the most se- chastisement. I weighed her counsel, deter- d to alter my conduct, and avoid all my old panions with studied care.

CHARACTER OF A SOT.

A sot is a silly fellow without brains. His sight is best when he is stone-blind; for then he can never see his way home. He brewer's pump, to keep the store cellars . He is a good scrivener, for he under- nds conveyancing extremely well. Al- ugh he scarcely knows what a pulpit is, he is a most religious fellow, for the name God is ever at his tongue's end. He is a mel in his draughts. Terribly afflicted is with various distempers; being generally zed with the falling sickness at night, ac- panied with the dead palsey in his tongue. Anthony's fire has visibly seized in his e, and so terribly does the ague shake his nds, that he cannot lift a full gin glass to head. In short, while he is alive, he is worthy any person's notice; and after his th, there are no traces of his memory, but the chalked panuels of alehouses.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 22, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 84 per- s (of whom 15 were men, 11 women, 6 boys, d 2 girls), during the week ending on Saturday t), viz Of cholic 1, consumption 8, convulsions cramp in the stomach 1, debility 2, dropsy 3, owned 1, remittent fever 1, typhus fever 2, in- nile flux 2, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflam- tion of the brain 1, insanity 1, old age 2, pleu- y 1, murdered by the small pox 1, syphilis 1, thing 1, and one of worms.

American Broadcloath—A sample of ele- nt blue superfine broadcloath, may be seen this office, made at Pittsfield, in Berk- ire. The wool was furnished from the ck of Elkanah Watson, Esq. of said place, d the cloth manufactured under his direc- n in his vicinity. We sincerely congra- late the public on this result of private en- rprise, and ardently hope such laudable amples will extend and multiply in every rt of the United States. *Aany Pap.*

Fredericksburgh Sept. 27—On Saturday last, the Mail Stage from Richmond to this ce was crossing Burk's Bridge, the centre rt of the bridge gave way, and the stage s precipitated from 15 to 20 feet into the er and compleately capsized. There were ht passengers in the stage, two of whom y (a lady and a gentleman) were mate- ly injured.—One of the horses was drow- d.

The following instance of public indigna- n against the *indecency* of the fashion, oc- rred some time ago at Drury-Lane Theatre: young lady was sitting in the side-boxes, dressed in the *haut ton*;—a sudden hiss began among the audience; the actors were astonished, as they could not discover the cause. The hissing subsided, and the play proceeded; —but presently the hissing burst out again with increased violence, and Barrymore was coming to ask what offended the audience; every eye, however, was, by this time, turned towards the nymph with the *naked shoulder*; and it immediately struck her mother what was the object of displeasure.—She threw a shawl over the offended beauty, and a general peal of applause followed. The young lady then sat the performance out, with that easy composure which but too much distinguishes fashionable folly. Is it possible that we are arrived at this woeful state of degeneracy! —when the audience of a *theatre* feel themselves obliged to express the abhorrence of a dereliction of the most amiable of female.

Lon. Pap.

MISS ADAMS

Informs her friends, that she continues to make Riding-habits, Coats, and Pelises, with Mantua-making of every description, likewise Corsets, in the most fashionable manner, at No. 117, William-street

October 22. 1027—6t

TO THE LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS

JOHN MARRAS,

PAINTER OF PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE,

being lately returned from the country, and intending to stay four weeks in this place, has the honour of inviting the Lovers of the Fine Arts to come and see his collection of Paintings in Miniature, copied by himself from the most famous paintings in Italy.—The advertiser lives in Broadway, No. 159.

September 24 1023—1m

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

Price One Dollar,

AND FOR SALE BY JOHN TIEBOUT,

No. 238, Water-street,

EIGHTEEN SERMONS,

PREACHED

BY THE LATE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, A M.

Taken verbatim in Short-hand, and faithfully transcribed,

BY JOSEPH GURNEY.

REVISED BY ANDREW GIFFORD, D D.

Subscribers will please to call for their books.

October 15 1025—3m

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES,

ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale at No 104 Maiden lane

FOR SALE.

At Mrs. Millers No. 148 William Street a handsome assortment of English straw Hats.

JEWELRY,

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL, informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl plain and enameld, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces and gold do bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention: he will sell at the low as prices and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory, to be equal to any

COURT OF HYMEN.

The heartfelt bliss allowed to man on earth,
Owes its blest source to Hymen's silken tie;—
Hail, heavenly transport of celestial bliss!
Blessed cause to man of true felicity!

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr Lyell, Mr. William Ward, merchant, to Miss Sarah Warner, daughter of Major James Warner, all of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. James Bayard, jun. to Miss Harriet Nicholl, both of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. Caleb S. Halsted, merchant, to Miss Margaret Roome, both of this city.

At Woodbridge N. J. On Saturday afternoon last, by the Rev. Dr. Roe, Mr Alexander Edgar, to Miss Sarah Crowell, both of that place.

At Fell's Point on Wednesday evening by the Rev. Dr. Battoone, Mr. William Phillips, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Ann Parkinson, of Baltimore.

At Albermarle, Vir George Hay Esq of Richmond, to Miss Eliza Monroe, eldest daughter, of James Monroe, Esq. late minister to Great Britain.

MORTALITY.

All of one matter formed, to one return—
Their fall is greatest who are plated on high!
Let not the proud presume, or poorest mourn,
Their fates decreed, and every one must die.

DIED,

At Sandy Hill, on the 13th instant, on his way from Canada to this city, Archibald M'Niel, his Britannic Majesty's Consul General for Louisiana.

At New-Orleans, Mr. George T Phillips, merchant, late of this city.

At Philadelphia, Peter Anderson, a worthy member of the society of Friends.

On the 12th inst at his residence in Germantown, near Mount Airy College J. H C. Heinckiu, Agent for his majesty the King of Holland, and for the Dutch East India Company.

At Alexandria, Dr. Peter Wise, in his 31th year.

At Richmond, the Hon. John Page, late Governor of Virginia.

In Virginia, on the 9th instant, Dr. Claiborne, late member of congress

Found afloat, near the Fly-market slip, on Wednesday, the 12th inst the body of William F. North, aged nine years nine months, the son of Benjamin North, Esq. He was drowned on Wednesday, the 5th inst. near Peck-slip, where he accidentally fell in between two ships.

LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG

Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano-Forte, at his residence, No 60, Maiden-lane, on the following Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only Twelve Scholars.
2. Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a time.
3. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week, from 10 A M. to 1, P. M.
4. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity, so as to render the instructions in their progress equally beneficial to all.
5. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition to commence.
6. Terms $ 12 50 cents per quarter, for each scholar, Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils shall have the strictest attention paid to their accomplishment in this branch of Polite Education.

N B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their Houses, if required.

☞ For sale, a very fined toned GRAND PIANO-FORTE, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son, London—selected by Mr. Frederick Rausch.

October 22. 1027—6t

COURT OF APOLLO.

Mr. Oldschool, you will recognize, in the following Stanzas, the hand writing, and perhaps the odd notions, of an old Correspondent, who once more claims your usual lenity and indulgence.
Port Folio.

SONG.

Let others compare pretty lasses to roses
And talk of red lips, and white teeth, and straight noses;
For my part, I sing of as lovely a maiden,
As ever such things have been sung, or been said on.

Her lips are so sweet, that their colour I heed not
Her teeth white or black, I ne'er saw, nor I need not,
For this I can swear to, that, if they lack beauty,
At a steak, chop, or cutlet, they well do their duty.

Her eye-brows are much like the brows of another,
And so about them, we sha'nt, make any pother,
Her cheeks in July are as red as a cherry,
And cheerful she laughs, when the people are merry.

Her eyes, it is true, a'nt so bright as the moon is,
Nor her voice quite so sweet as a fiddle in tune is,
What signifies that?—may I hang, rot, or perish,
If any can beat her at 'Life let us Cherish.'—

Her nose I forgot; it is Grecian or Roman.
Or just such a nose, as looks well on a woman,
Her ears, as for that, may as readily pass
For in ears there's no woman can vie with an ass.

Her legs are well formed both for cap'ring and praneing,
She ne'er hears a fiddle, but straight falls a dancing,
And tho, she weighs more than a cock, or a feather,
Her joints are as supple and tough as new leather.

She's rather knock kneed, but for that 'tis no matter,
It won't be observed, when she grows rather fatter,
And safer she walks who is broadest at bottom,
Than she, who top-heavy, has got far to trot home.

The deuce of it is that, 'twixt me and my charmer,
A quarrel arose and grew warmer and warmer,
At length she darted her fist at my noddle,
And toppled me into a dirty duck puddle.

All covered with mud, head and ears in the mire,
I rose, and walk'd off, for her eyes look'd like fire,
And since I'm afraid that she does not much love me
To take such a d—d dirty method to prove me.

I like her, for all, and as soon as I'm able
To pay for a bed and find meat for the table,
I'll court her, and wed her, and never forsake her,
But if she wont have me,—the devil may take her.

ODE TO SPRING.

Hail beauteous Goddess, smiling *Spring*,
Who in thy cheerful train doth bring
Gentle breezes, balmy showers,
Budding leaves, and fragrant flowers:
Come with all thy roseate train,
Cheer the cottages and plain!

Hark! the birds their wild notes sing,
A welcome to the lovely *Spring*!
Review again the meads around,
And see how flowers adorn the ground,
Entwin'd with the reviving greens,
These are, O *Spring* thy charming scenes!

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warrantted, tight, by C ALFORD
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

☞ Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

THE MORALIST.

One cause of secret faults may be found in the effects of habit.

Propensities or actions that have become habitual we are apt to confound with the original tendencies of nature, and equally, to ascribe them to the author of our being. They operate almost without our thinking of them; and men seldom take the pains to examine their rectitude, or their relations to the divine law.—If any faults, therefore have gradually grown up with them, and become incorporated in their manner, they are rarely and with difficulty cured—they are hardly seen as faults.

Habits advance by such insensible degrees that it is difficult to remark their progress.—They steal us imperceptibly away from the fountain of truth, and the standard of perfection. And when once we begin to yield to the tendencies of corrupted nature, or to the streams of fashionable vice even good men may sometimes be borne far down the silent and contaminated current before they are aware, till some palpable miscarriage awaken their sleeping conscience, and oblige them to remount to the source of the evil in order to purify it. David could not have passed at once from those sublime and pious fervors that glow in his sacred compositions, and still animates the devotion of the church, to that act of gross sensuality and injustice that was the stain of his life, embittered to him the remainder of his days: gradually he must have yielded to the temptations of his fortune—The habits of pleasure must have insensibly stolen upon him, till, in an unsuspecting moment, they plunged him into the gulf, and by his miseries, recalled him to himself and restored the obliterated sentiments of duty on his heart.

Habit has likewise a passive influence upon the soul that greately contributes to this dangerous effect. Of this influence every day furnishes us with innumerable proofs. Customary appearences attract little attention and customary actions are performed almost without thought. Hence vices, which are common in society, and which enter into the character and manners of a people, come, at length, to be viewed with a kind indifference even by a good man, which may expose him; at some times to be betrayed into criminal compliances with them. Hence faults that have entered into our own habits are slightly remarked, if they are remarked at all, and they speedily pass into an oblivion from which they are never recalled. Those forgotten sins, however, leave upon the conscience an indelible taint; and not improbably prove the cause of many of those strokes and chastisements in the course of divine providence of which we do not discern the immediate cause, nor the end.

BILIOUS CORDIAL.

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